MEMORIAL DAY.

BY NINETTE M. LOWATER.

Blossom, O flowers, in riotous splendor!
Open, O lingering buds, to the light!
I will gather you all, fresh, fragrant and tender,
And weave you in garlands, sweet, dewy and bright!

Over the graves where our heroes are sleeping
I will lay all your beauty and innocent bloom,
That they o'er whose dust a nation is weeping
May know that we love them, tho' low in the tomb.

Oh, for the tones that are silent forever,
Oh, for the hearts that were true to the right,
Oh, for the arms that knew weariness never,
But fought all the day till death's swift-falling night.

Nothing but freedom is worth such devotion,
Only the land which our forefathers gave,
Redeemed and unbroken from ocean to ocean,
Is worth half the cost of one soldier's low grave.

ROCK ELM, Wis.

MARK'S SUBSTITUTE.

A Decoration Day Sketch.

BY VELMA CALDWELL MELVILLE.

'M drafted, Kit."

"Oh, Mark!"

And with the exclamation pretty Mrs. Weidman fell into her husband's arms, shivering with terror.

"There, I've blurted it out in the worst way, after all this last hour spent in thinking how I could break it the easiest."

"But it will kill me, Mark. What shall I do; what can I do? I can't stand it, and I won't let you go; they may shoot you here first."

"There, there, Kittie, dear, you do not know what you are saying; you must try and be patient and submissive. There'll be some way provided, though I don't see how I can save you just now in the beginning of winter."

Poor Kit wept until completely exhausted, entirely deaf to her husband's weak attempts at consolation.

It was a sad home, but not the only one in the land that dread November of 1863.

The fatal "draft" put out the light forever on many a hearthstone.

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"So yer drafted, be ye, Neil?" remarked the Postmaster at The Forks, eying the stalwart young man addressed with a look which plainly said, "and I'm glad of it."

"I s'pose I am."

"Goin'?"

"No, sir! When Neil Weidman gets ready to work for Uncle Sam he'll let him know by enlisting; until then he'd have his Majesty know he ain't a-goin'."

"Not very patriotic!" sneered a bystander. "Now, I'd a been thar long ago, if't hadn't a been fer this here game leg o' mine."

"Small loss to the country," growled Neil.

"S'pose Mark ll not go, neither?" interposed the Postmaster.

"Mark!"

Neil turned a face suddenly grown eager and white.

"He ain't on the draft?"

"But he be."

"Yes, and told me he'd have to go," added the bystander.

Without another word the young man turned on his heel, involuntarily loosening the scarf about his neck that he might breathe more easily. Swiftly he passed out into the dull November day, looking neither to right nor left.

On, on he walked, like a man in a terrible hurry, until three miles lay between himself and the garrulous little group at The Forks. He was turning in at his own gateway, but, changing his mind, he passed on, still at the high rate of speed.

Two more miles were paced off in this mad fashion; then he wheeled about and faced toward home again.

When once more he found himself there he felt weak and spent. Slowly then he passed in and up the rude stairs into the little loft denominated "Neil's room."

"What's up now?" his sister remarked. "Ain't that draft business all settled?"

"I s'pose it's all right; he sent on the money," returned her husband, who had vainly tried to enlist, but had been rejected on account of deafness.

"I bet if I was him I'd enlist first chance now 'nd get my money back," he continued.

"Everybody ain't so fond of a dollar, nor so itchen for a fight as you be," responded his wife, in the shrill treble she always used in addressing him.

"I ain't no coward, none of the Moselys be," he retorted.

"Neither be the Weidmans, Dick Mosely, but they've got sense enough to look out fer number one. They ain't dirt poor."

Neil, lying at full length on his couch in the loft, smiled grimly at their altercation.

"Dick ain't fit to manage here, but I don't care," he muttered; then turning his face to the wall, he slept through sheer mental and physical fatigue.

When he awoke it was growing dusk and Mollie was calling to know if he were sick, or why he did not go out to attend to his part of the "chores" as usual.

No sooner was breakfast over the following morning than he buttoned his coat about him and started off.

"Some way, Neil acts awful queer," shrieked Mollie to her husband.

"Does he?"

"Does he?" she muttered, turning away in disgust. "How stupid men are, anyway. Mark ain't, though, and Neil didn't use to be."

It had been a terrible night at Mark Weidman's.

Kit's mother had been summoned, but vainly she tried to think of something comforting to say. The outlook was dark.

Kit might, in fact would have to stay there in their little cabin home with her little ones. There was no room for her at her father's, for already a widowed daughter had come back there with four children.

"Haven't time this morning, Mark. Give my respects to Mrs. Weidman. I may be in again before leaving." His hand was on the latch.

"Please, Neil, come here."

It was Kit's pleading tones, and before he realized what he was doing the young man stood by the bedside looking down into the face of the one woman he had loved. It was five years since she had told him she was going to marry Mark, and in all that time they had never spoken—had rarely met.

"Oh, Neil, you are too good—you cannot mean it."

"I mean it," he said, coldly.

Through it all he had never suffered as he did now, to see how willing she was to have him sacrifice himself for Mark.

It was a moment of supreme bitterness, yet in spite of himself he lingered to gaze for perhaps the last time into the sweet face.

Her eyes were full of tears, and catching his hand she passed it to her lips, sobbing:

"You are so good, so noble! If it were not for the children we could not consent to your going.

"If only we could raise the money, but we have little to sell and there is no one to buy what we have."

"I have made up my mind and should go anyway, now. There is nothing to keep me."

"But Neil, this is too much," said Mark, who had now sufficiently recovered himself to comprehend the situation. "I cannot let you go, but if you could look after things here some and see that Kit did not suffer, I could go easier. There is only Joe to do anything."

"No use talking, Mark, I am going; and now, good-by all.

He almost snatched his hand from Kit's clasp, and was gone.

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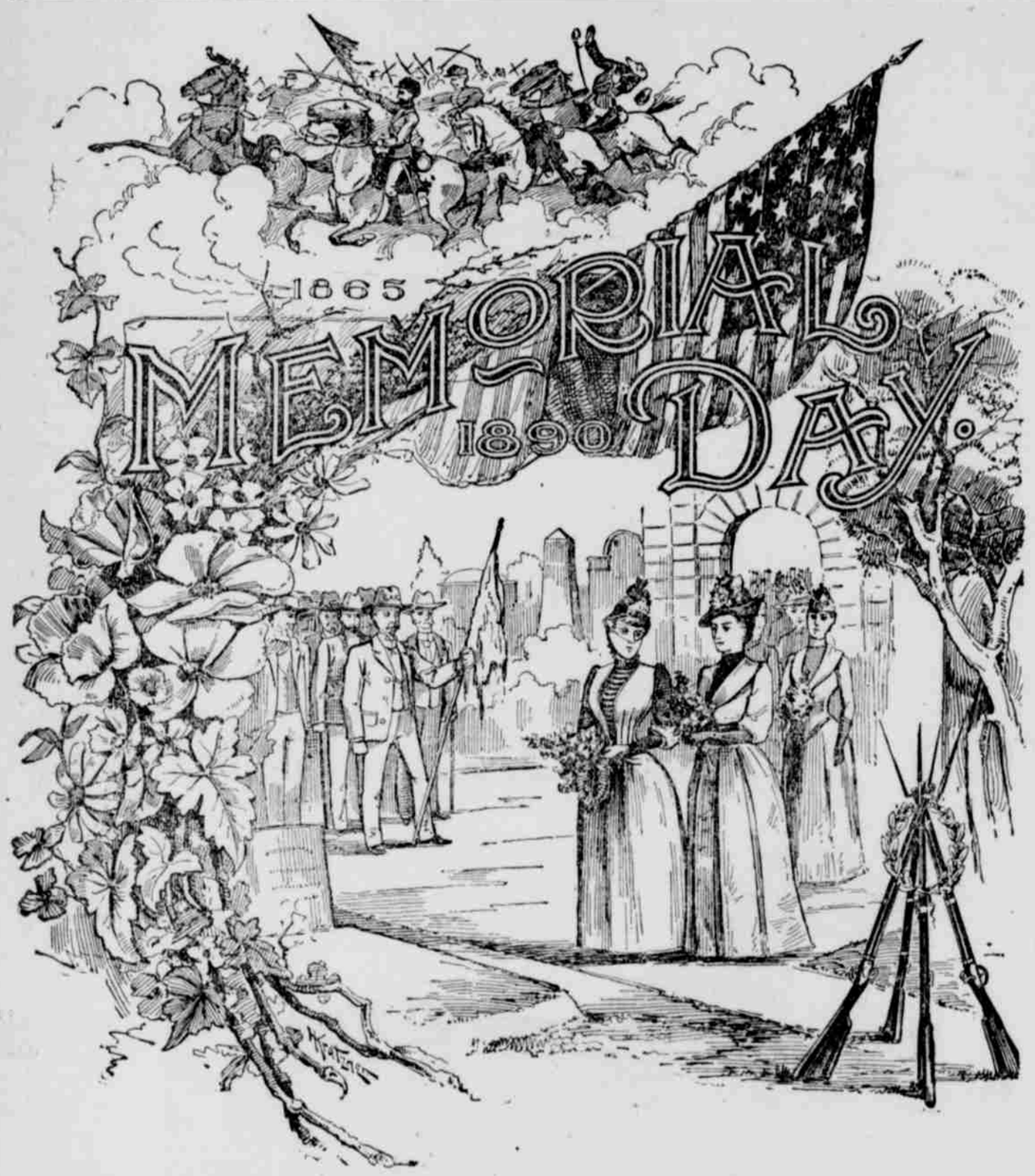
"Mollie, I am going to the war."



A younger brother would have to come and stay with her—it was the only way;

She might go and stay at Mollie's—only—there was Neil.

It was about 10 o'clock when Neil Weidman rapped at his brother's door.

Mark's face showed something of what he was suffering when he opened it.

"Neil! Come in."

"Can't; I'm in a hurry. I was on the draft, but had the cash all ready, so sent it in yesterday. I hear you are on, too."

"I am; and heaven knows how I can be spared, but I could not raise fifty dollars, much less three hundred." His voice broke a little.

"Well, I came to tell you I will go in your place. Good-by."

"Neil!"

Mark sprang forward grasping his brother by the arm and fairly dragging him inside.

"There, don't make any fuss about it," muttered the young man. "You can't be spared—I can. It will make no difference to any one whether I live or die."

Mark had bowed his head on his hands and was shaking with emotion. Kit's voice from the other room called feebly to know what the matter was. Mrs. Bell, her mother, had gone home for a few hours, taking the little boys with her.

Springing up again, Mark opened wide the middle door, saying: "It is Neil, Kittie, and he offers to be my substitute. Come in here, brother, do."

"IT IS NEIL, KITTIE, AND HE OFFERS TO BE MY SUBSTITUTE."

"Goin' to the war, Neil? Why, I thought you'd sent on the money."

"Yes, so I did; but Mark was on the draft, too, 'nd we couldn't nohow raise another three hundred, 'nd he can't be spared from home at this time o' year; so I'm goin' in——"

"In his place?" interrupted Mollie, excitedly.

Neil nodded.

"Well, if I ever s'posed I'd live to see you give your life for Mark, after he cut you with——"

"There, there, Mollie! Now, about things here on the place."

"Why, I am sure I don't know; I s'pose Dick and me can manage, though I shall have the most of it to do. If Dick is my husband, I must say as I've said before, the Moselys are mighty poor managers; but, Neil, I hate awfully to have you go."

They talked a long while, but Mollie never dreamed of the terrible battle her brother fought out with himself that dull November day.

She never knew how tempted he had been to let his brother—the man who had robbed him of his life's happiness—look out for himself.

The tempter whispered, "Let him go, and if anything happens you are not to blame; then Kit will be a——" But, of course, he turned his back at this juncture each time; but the struggle had been a desperate one.

He was with Grant in the Wilderness and all through the disastrous overland campaign. He was with him until sent under Sheridan to Five Forks, where he was severely wounded but to him there was never such another battle as the one fought with himself during that mad walk under the gray November skies.

"Neil is wounded and I must go to him," Mark exclaimed in deepest anguish as he read the name. "Oh, Kittie, what if he dies! I never can stand it."

Before the sun went down that day he had kissed his wife, boys and infant daughter Nellie good-by and was on his way to his brother's side.

The meeting between them was affecting in the extreme, but Neil was by far most composed of the two.

"I've got to go, Mark, but it is no matter. I am so glad that it is not you."

Before the end came, he seemed to realize that he was not unloved and that his heroic sacrifice had been appreciated.

Toward the last the wounded soldier became delirious, and it was from his ravings that his brother learned of his great temptation and the mastery gained over self that eventful day. He talked, too, of "Kit" until tears bathed the face of the agonized watcher.

When all was over, Mark Weidman went back home with the remains of his "substiture," and last Memorial Day, sitting by the flower-decked mound with

"I'VE GOT TO GO, MARK."

Kit—now an elderly woman—and Nellie—a lovely young matron—I heard this little story.

On the marble slab at the head is the inscription:

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Under False Pretenses.

In a pine forest not far from Arkadelphia, Ark., there is a narrow-gauge railroad, built for the purpose of hauling logs to a sawmill; but recently it was chartered as a highway for the transportation of freight and passengers. The other day a man was seen walking over this road in the direction of the Iron Mountain Railway, and shortly after he had reached the station, a dummy engine, pulling a rusty coach, rolled up. The conductor, who was the engineer, fireman, brakeman, freight agent and general superintendent, jumped off the engine and approaching the man that had just walked over, angrily exclaimed:

"What do you mean by acting the way you did?"

"I don't understand you," the man retorted. "What do *you* mean?"

"You know very well what I mean. Wasn't you back at Olney, our eastern terminus?"

"Yes, of course I was."

"And didn't you ask me how long before the train started for this place?"

"Yes, but what are you driving at?"

"Oh, you'll find out. Didn't you hold out the belief that you were going to ride on my train?"

"Yes, probably, and I thought I would, but as you were not going to start soon enough to suit me, why, I walked."

"Ah, but we started a few moments after you did."

"That may be, but I beat you in."

"Ah, hah, and that, too, after creating the impression that you were going to ride with me. What right have you to come around here setting that bad example? Don't you know that if the people in this neighborhood see you acting that way they will give my train the go-by and walk? How do you expect a railway to make expenses under such circumstances?"

"I don't know about that. I know that your time-table didn't suit me, and that I walked, beat you in, and, moreover, saved twenty-five cents."

"Oh, you saved twenty-five cents, did you? Well, you won't think so when you are done with this case. There is a law for such fellows as you are, and I am going to have you arrested for saving money under false pretenses."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Pianist's Habits.

I practice every day from two to four hours, generally choosing the morning hour for this work. I regard this daily practice as absolutely necessary to maintain the suppleness of my fingers and insure my facility of execution. Rubinstein was once asked why he practiced so assiduously every day. His reply is worthy of preservation. He said: "If I fail to practice the first day I notice it, the second day my friends notice it, the third day the audience notices it. If I have a concert in the afternoon, I go without dinner. If I have a concert in the evening, I go without supper. I never give the same programme twice in succession. I could not bring myself to do so."

In giving a piece at the concert hall I select some one person in the audience and play to him or her. I usually select some one who by facial expression and manner shows that he or she is in full sympathy with the music. I then play to this person all evening. At Detroit I played first to my wife, then to a gentleman in the audience who seemed to enter heart and soul into the spirit of the occasion. I cannot explain how this selection is made. I look upon it as a species of magnetism. I use this word for the want of a better one to convey the thought.—*Hans Von Bulow.*

She Wished to Appear Natural.

"My dear," said a mother to her daughter, "shall I help you to some of the corn starch pudding?"

"No, ma, I cannot eat the pudding to-day," replied the young lady, "for you know Charlie is coming to-night." Ma looks up in surprise at her daughter, wondering if the young lady had become deranged.

"You see, ma," said the young miss, "if I eat the corn starch pudding it might impart a stiffness to my manners, and Charlie would think that I did not love him as well as ever."—*National Weekly.*

A Gloomy Day.

Blinks—Why do all the lawyers about the court-room look so glum to-day?

Jinks—Why, haven't you heard? Mr. Richman is dead.

"He must have been very popular among them."

"No; he died without leaving a will."—*New York Weekly.*

MANY men get a reputation for business sagacity, whereas their actual capital stock is self-shness.—*Whitesides Blade.*

LITTLE JOE'S CRADLE.

BY IRA C. EDWARDS.

Yer mean it all rite, Mr. Preechir,
An' I thank yer fur what ye have sed;
An' I s'pose you air right, but a creatur
Can't smile when his heart is like led.
Yer say the Lord knows what he's doin',
An' maybe he does, but it's quare
That he'd bring to our home grief 'n ruin
By robbin' that crib over thar.

Yer say little Joe is with Jesus,
That it's wicked 'n rash to rebel,
An' I know that yer say jist t' ease us
That he mite a-growed up jist fer hell.
Yer words don't give much conserlashun,

Tho' yer meen it ter lighten our woe,
But yer can't lift this black deserlashun
As long as the boy hes ter go.

I thank yer fer comin' ter see us,
But we can't see the thing in your way;
An' yer don't say a word that'll free us
From the grief that is on us to-day.
Es fur me, I ken bare up agin it,
'Coz I am a man, tuff 'n strong,
But jist look at Jinny a minit,
An' say if yer think she'll last long.

Her poor heart is br'akin' with sorrer,
She hes sot there all day 'n all nite,
An' she won't come away, coz to-morrer
She knows he'll be put out o' sight.
I've tried to pick up all his trinkets,
His stockin s 'n shoes 'n his bib,
An' hide 'em away in the closets,
But I can't find a place fur the crib.

I don't see no good in yer talkin',
Nor see what's the use fer ter pray,
When all that is left o' the baby
Is only a lump o' cold clay.

He's dead, sir; but God never done it,
He wouldn't go back on us so;
If we've sinned we must 'a' begun it
By worshipin' poor little Joe.

If yer can't chirk up little Jinny,
An' git her away from her dead,
An' start the hot tears from her eyelids,
What's almost burnt out o' her hed;
If yer only good git her to cryin'
'Twould help her to bare it, tha say,
But I don't think 'twill help her a bit, sir,
Jist now if a hundred would pray.

Now, stop sir! she are not rebellious,

That kind o' harrangin' won't do;
She's allus been meek 'n forgivin',
An' God knows her better than you.
An' if yer would do most to help us,
Don't stop fur to preech or ter pray,
But jist make a sneek kinder quiet
'N take little Joe's cradle away.

A Night with Artemus Ward.

Francis A. Hoffman, Jr.: I was a sophomore at Knox College, Galesburg, Ill. The students of the college were always on the alert to do something to relieve the suffering of that little city and vicinity. On one occasion we had the good fortune to secure as an attraction that eccentric humorist, Artemus Ward. We met him on his arrival and did all that was proper in the reception of a distinguished guest. The evening came on for the lecture, and the lecture was delivered. After its delivery A. Ward was our guest. We took care of him. Before doing so, however, we counted up the receipts of the house. Mr. Ward (or Browne) at once became magnanimous. Our terms with him were that he was to get one-half of the receipts and the poor one-half. When the proceeds were counted out Mr. Ward said, in his droll way: "Let the poor have theirs; and you, gentlemen, must allow me to spend my half in your midst. I insist upon your accepting my hospitality until the last cent of my half of the proceeds of to-night's lecture has been squandered. Let us begin at once."

The net proceeds amounted to $7.35. The amount "squandered" was $3.67½.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Just as I Advertised.

Mrs. Coolum—What is the price of your canned beef this morning, Mr. Sandum?

"Thirty-eight cents, ma'am."

"Why, that's the same price it was yesterday morning; you forget that you advertise 'sweeping reductions.'"

"Not at all, ma'am. You'll find them—er—just below—at the broom counter."

A DETROIT preacher found this note from a young lady in his pulpit one recent Sunday evening: "Dear Mr. S.—Won't you please deliver your sermon a little slower to-night? I am studying shorthand and can't keep up with you. I hope you won't refuse so small a favor."

LET to-morrow take care of itself, and you will find that it will let you take care of yourself when it gets here.

SAILORS ought to be well acquainted with the deckalogue.

THE EARNINGS OF AUTHORS.

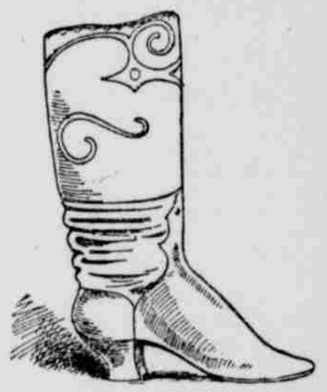
BY J. M.

MACAULAY is said to have received $100,000 on account of three-fourths net profit for his History of England. Disraeli, it is stated, made by his pen $150,000; Byron, $115,000. Thiers and Lamartine received nearly $100,000 each for their respective histories. But Thackeray is said never to have received $25,000 for any of his novels. Sir Walter Scott was paid $550,000 for eleven novels of three volumes each, and nine volumes of "Tales of My Landlord." For one novel he received $9,500, and between November, 1825, and June, 1827, he received $130,000 for literary work. Lord Lytton is said to have made $400,000 by his novels. Dickens, it has been computed, ought to have been making $500,000 for three years prior to the publication of "Nicholas Nickleby;" and Trollope, in twenty years, made $350,000. The following sums are said to have been paid to authors for single famous books: "Romola," George Eliot, $50,000; "Waverley," Scott, $3,500; "Woodstock," Scott, $40,000; "Life of Napoleon," Scott, $90,000; "Armadale," Wilkie Collins, $25,000; "Lalla Rookh," Thomas Moore, $15,000; "History of Rome," Goldsmith, $1,250; "History of Greece," Goldsmith, $1,500; "History of England," Goldsmith, $3,000, "Vicar of Wakefield," Goldsmith, $3,000; Decline and Fall," Gibbon, $50,000; "Lives of Poets," Johnson, $1,500; "Rasselas," Johnson, $500.

A New Top-Boot for Ladies.

Among the latest European fads is the wearing of top-boots by ladies. The idea seems to have had its inception among the Spanish ladies. It was afterward adopted by the French, the latter having voted them the proper thing for driving in T-carts, phaetons and other carriages in which the ladies occupy the front seat. They are made up in the lightest manner possible, some with high heels and others with low.

Various combinations are used, such as patent leather vamp and heels, glazed kid tops and dark morocco legs; glazed kid vamp and heels, soft, smooth, brown patent leather tops and kid glove legs; glove kid vamp and heels, glazed kid tops and dull finished buckskin legs. The legs are crinkled and made up on a smooth lining, so that when new the fullness so desirable to the eye is as perfect as on the ordinary leg after months of wear. The tops being of smooth finish leather are ornamented with stitching, the silk used being of a contrasting color. Various devices, such as scrolls and vines, are stitched on.



A Lovesick Youth.

The Earl of Warwick has been prosecuting a "tripper" for inscribing the name of his lady love on the battlements of Guy's Tower. The name, doubtless from motives of delicacy, is suppressed, but it might make some difference if it was Mary Jane or Susan; the historical sentiment would be more outraged than if it were Edith or Clotilda. Of course it was a wrong and vulgar thing to do. If it had been his own name the offender should clearly have been placed "in the lowest dungeon beneath the castle moat," or even been decapitated and his head thrown to the jackdaws; but, since it was the name of his "beloved object," romance must plead for him a little.

It is dreadful, no doubt, when you want to throw yourself back for half a dozen centuries and feel feudal, or (what is far easier) mediæval, to be confronted with a modern name, very ill carved and possibly ill spelt; but all women are heroines in their lovers' eyes, as "all soldiers are [in theory] gentlemen." I am not sure that it was quite "pretty" in the Earl to summons this amateur engraver. Dear, large-hearted Leigh Hunt tells us that when we see "John Jones" cut on a bench or a tree we are not necessarily to set it down to vulgarity; it may be "the natural desire to achieve such immortality as may be within his reach," even by climbing. The poet sings with approbation of the criminal—

Who carved his name on the dungeon stone
With his chisel so fine, tra la!

Indeed, some of the most interesting inscriptions in the world are found cut on the walls of old prisons. Sometimes the artist, especially when under sentence of death, has not a knife, far less a chisel, to cut with.—*London News.*

One Was Caught; the Other Was Not.

"Have you heard the story of the minister who told the tramp he ought to have followed the example of Mr. Golden, the rich man?"

"No; what is it?"

"The tramp concluded to follow the minister's advice, looked up the past history of Mr. Golden, imitated his example, and before a month found himself in jail."

"But what about Mr. Golden?"

"Oh, nothing, except that he was shrewder than the tramp."—*Yankee Blade.*